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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

UNDER A PINE-TREE

Beneath the swaying pine-tree,
That the fitful wind goes through,
I gaze on the widening landscape,
That fades in the far-off blue.

And like low music playing
Above in the organ-loft,
The wind in the pine-tree moving
Makes music strange and soft.

Soft is the voice, but solemn;
And with a dream-like power
It sways all thoughts and fancies,
And hallows the brief hour.

For the trees have all their voices
Of light or earnest tone;
The aspen—elfin laughter,
The oak—A Titan's moan.

But the pines have caught the message
Which the wind bears from the sea;
And its voice is the voice of ocean,
And it talks Eternity.

—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

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FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, PRINCIPAL

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1912. NUMBER 6.

Leave me alone, for August's sleepy charm
Is on me, and I will not break the spell;
My head is on the mighty Mother's arm:
I will not ask if life goes ill or well.
There is no world! I do not care to know
Whence aught has come, nor whither it shall go.

O happy country, myriad voiced and dear,
I have no heart, no eyes, except for you;
Yours are the only voices I will hear,
Yours is the only bidding I will do.
You bid be at peace and let alone
That loud, rough world where peace is never known.

Yet through your voices comes a sterner cry,
A voice I cannot silence if I would;
It mars the song the lark sings to the sky,
It breaks the changeful music of the owl.
Back to your post, a charge you have to keep,
Freedom is bleeding while her soldiers sleep.

Back the least soldier goes! To jar and fret,
To hope uncrowned, faith tried, love wounded sore—
To prayers that never have been answered yet,
To dreams that must be dreams forevermore;
To all that, after all, is far more dear
Than all the joys of all the changing year.

—*E. Nesbit.*

Professor E. O. Sisson of the University of Washington, Seattle, said in a speech quoted in *Religious Education* for October: "As things are, the slender tissue of school and church morality are too often bruised by the harsh and heavy pressure of the world's standards and exactions. Whoever desires better education must be actively for social betterment."

The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, held May 15-17, 1912, is published in a goodly pamphlet of two hundred and forty-two pages, topically indexed. It is a good handbook for the peace movement. Don't wait until after election before sending for it. Address, Secretary Lake Mohonk Conference, Mohonk Lake, New York.

It is twenty years since Liliuokalani, then the dethroned Queen of the Hawaiis, was in the limelight of the public press, but she still finds a place among the "Interesting People" of the *American Magazine* for October, and her thoughtful, refined, strong face illumines one of the October pages. No longer is her face offered as a royal candidate, but a woman "much beloved by her people." A woman of fine intelligence and possessed of many truly queenly qualities, witnessing thereby to the larger brotherhood, rebuking in her face and in her life race egotism and color prejudice.

The October Bulletin of the Art Institute of Chicago carries on its title page an interesting reproduction of Zorn's portrait of Daniel H. Burnham, whose recent death bereft not only Chicago of its great architect, but the nation of its greatest prophet of the "City Beautiful." Perhaps no man in America with adequate talent, laid so firm a hold of the conception of the city as a unit, with well defined and symmetrically proportioned parts, each adapted to its fitting function. Howard Shaw is named as chirman of the committee ppointed by the Trustees of the Art Institute to carry out Mr. Burnham's bequest of $50,000 toward an Architectural Library.

The opening article in the *Survey* of September 28 gives some striking statistics concerning the work done by the Tuskegee Institute. Frank B. Chisholm, Financial Secretary of the Institute, shows that this institution has touched approximately nine thousand lives. Their average time out of school has been fourteen years, and their average earnings $700 per year; probably not many white colleges can show so high an income. But Tuskegee is not a solitary example, it is not an "isolated flower garden in the desert waste of southern negroes." We of the North are in danger of perpetrating a great harm upon the colored race and upon scores of other worthy institutions, when we fix our attention so exclusively upon Tuskegee as not only to forget other centers of light, but refuse to listen to their claims, or to help them in their high work, because "We have done, or are doing so much for Tuskegee, don't you know!" Tuskegee, like all other institutions of higher learning, would die out for want of profitable material and sympathetic atmosphere were it not that there is back of it and round it a numberless host of colored boys and girls reaching out and reaching up, many of them "getting there," though not through the gates of Tuskegee.

The October number of *Religious Education* is crowded with suggestive material bearing upon the religious setting, atmosphere and training of the modern university. The twenty names that appear in the table of contents represent men widely known and as widely honored in the academic world. Richard C. Hughes, College Secretary of the Presbyterian Board

of Education, offers interesting figures and stimulating suggestions concerning the church and the college student. As to the State universities which in 1870 represented but 6,700 students, in 1911 they represent a student population of 108,869. In this connection Dr. Hughes says: "The church must now recognize that the responsibility for providing for the religious life of students in the State universities is as definite as that of maintaining the church college." The following suggestion has a pertinency far beyond the reach of any college campus. "Student teachers of Bible classes and Christian associations with youthful leaders are not adequate. The church can make use of them but cannot depend upon them. All other subjects are in the hands of trained experts. It is the business of the religious teacher to correlate these subjects, to translate the new learning into terms of faith and apply it to the solution of life problems. If anywhere breadth, maturity experience and wisdom are required, it is here." Amen! But these requirements apply to every pulpit throughout the land. They are as imperative in the little railroad villages as they are in municipal centers. Let us reduce the quantity in order to increase the quality of the work done in the interest of religion.

The London correspondent of the *Congregationalist* writes that: "His English admirers are grievously disappointed in President Taft in the attitude he has taken concerning the Panama Canal." . . . "We ungrudgingly acknowledge the magnificent achievement of your engineers (and especially your scientists in their fight against the mosquito and the yellow fever, but our admiration is mitigated by the feeling that we are being euchered now out of rights which we thought were assured to us by treaty." However, the "enormous English interests" may be determined by the technicalities of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in question, anything but a free highway of the world, the hospitality which the United States in the plentitude of its providence is able to extend free of cost, without distrust to all unarmed ships of the world from the farthest islands of the Pacific to the proudest ocean "greyhounds" of Germany or England will be an indignity to the humanities and a reproach to the democracy of the United States. Our nation is in a position to offer this, and thus to express its faith in the pacific attitude of the world to all unquestioned pacific hospitalities. Let not our hospitality be clouded by the shadow of a single fortress or be startled by the explosion of a single cannon. Then if perchance some insolent "devil-ship" of war should steal that way and profane the peace of the world, it would be an affront not to the United States alone, but to the united world, and the gracious powers of the world would resent the insult and rebuke the intruder. The Panama Canal now stands as the test question. Let those who believe in the pacification of the powers contend for this demonstration of our faith in peace. Here is a cause for all of us to practice what we preach or to hang our heads in silence. Shame on those who would actively commit this great triumph of the Twentieth Century to the obsolete or obsolescent war tactics of the past!

The September number of the *Geographic Magazine* is largely given over to a brilliantly illustrated study of the lower tribes of Luzon—the Negritos, Ilongots, etc. The photographs are all taken from life and present great interest to student of physiology and physiognomy. To the curious they are amusing, to the thoughtful they are constructive. No one can look with unbiased eyes into the face of the sturdy little Ilongot boy on page 847, or on the young woman on page 849, or the Igrot warrior on page 911, without feeling that here is good material to work upon, sturdy stock upon which to graft civilization, if only in their helplessness they are saved from the corrupting influence of the Anglo Saxon, whose earlier and more aggressive commercial and political contact with primary races has so debauched them. The belated missionaries have found a large part of their tasks to consist in the work of overcoming the demoralization and correcting the corruptions of their own race who have preceded them. Some of these pictures strangely reflect the barbarities and cruelties nearer home. The pictures justify the text that says: "The women embroider remarkably well, considering the low stage of civilization to which they have attained, and both men and women display great ingenuity and skill in the fashioning elaborately constructed ornamental work, using small beads of various colors, hair from the manes and tails of white horses, bits of bright metal, pieces of mother-of-pearl, copper or brass wire, and the beaks of hornbills. From wire they make elaborate and beautifully constructed chains, which they wear about their necks. * * * Not only do the women embroider with surprising skill, but they make tassels of worsted or colored cotton thread, which they tie in tiny tufts on the separate hairs of their horsehair ornaments. * * * They pay much attention to hair dressing. They "bang" their hair over the forehead." So do their sisters in Chicago, New York and London. Christianized Anglo-Saxon women spend much time on embroidery, which is clearly a primitive art, and always indicative of the barbaric zone. A scientific study of any up-to-date jewelry or millinery shop will establish intimate and short connections between the "Head Hunters of Northern Luzon" and they who display their charm and their ornaments at the fashionable functions in Europe and America. We suggest this

comparison not to the disparagement of the white people but to the encouragement of these brown people of the Pacific.

The First Annual Report of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration, acting under the New York State Department of Labor, is before us. The report covers a wide range of investigation, as the charts show. It was transmitted to the New York Legislature March 6, 1912, as part of the eleventh report of the Department of Labor, and is now available in a neatly printed pamphlet of a hundred and eighty-four pages. It covers a wide range of investigation. The charts show painstaking and original research concerning the Distribution of Labor, Living Conditions, Savings of Labor, Legal Problems, Educational and Assimulation Problems, with many pertinent recommendations to state, federal, municipal, business and philanthropic workers. Among the State recommendations are, free employment bureaus in the industrial centers for the distribution of unskilled workers from congested centers, state supervision for both free and pay employment agencies, minimum requirements for housing and sanitation, the closing of shoe-shining parlors for a half day each week, that the lottery laws be amended so as to cover raffles. Among the Federal recommendations: An extension of the power of the Bureau of Emigration, better steamboat inspection and service, regulation of the Bureau of Animal Export by recommendation in the manner of employment of cattle attendants. Among the municipal recommendations are: Better regulations of runners under a uniform law, that classes in English and civics for adult foreigners in the public schools will be extended to cover night workers that cannot attend night schools. Among the philanthropic regulations are that welfare and educational work be extended to small communities, camps and colonies. That friendly visiting by Americans of newly arrived aliens be made a systematic part of the immigration work, that patriotic societies extend their educational work in civics, history and government to aliens, that experimental schools of citizenship be established. We have quoted enough from this pamphlet to indicate the quality of the work done. The pamphlet commends itself on many grounds, economic, political and ethical. We have room to call attention to but one significant fact. Credit is given on the title page to the Chief Investigator who has prepared this report, and lo! that Chief Investigator is a woman, Miss Frances A. Kellor. Note the absurd situation. Miss Kellor has so mastered the situation that her report is published at the expense of the state for the enlightenment of legislators and the direction and guidance of captains of industry, and yet she is not considered competent to cast a vote for a New York City alderman by the laws of the state of New York which employs her.

Is It a "Spasm" or a "Reform?"

Chicago is again visited by one of those humiliating exposures of virtue at the executive centers of the city. Suddenly the State's Attorney, stung by criticism, or stimulated by an actual opportunity, or, is it by a growing judgment, a sacred sense of responsibility, has "resolved" to make operative the ordinances of the city and to enforce the police provisions that have always been theoretically "in force." He has simply resolved for the present to see that the laws are executed and that there is but one standard of action for a policeman, whether his beat be in the Twenty-second district or in the more elegant residence territory of Kenwood or Woodlawn. The order went forth from the City Hall that the "dens" were to be "pulled," that the gilded palaces were to be closed, and an eager, prurient crowd blocked the streets while they watched the patrol wagons being loaded with the disheveled women, confused and half drunken men. To the credit of the police let it be said that the men in this case, if the newspapers are to be trusted, were not allowed to escape their share of the publicity, responsibility and disgrace.

This "spectacle" was not calculated to provoke laughter, as the prurient might think, but it was touched with speechless pathos. Neither the police nor the idle onlookers found the proverbial "hardened sinners" defiant and militant. Rather, frightened sinners, who fled like partridges, hunting some sheltered obscurity. The sidewalk was reported as being filled with fleeing women, carrying half packed or hastily packed suitcases. Of course the hotels were the first places the refugees sought. The respectable hotels, we are told, had to exercise special vigilance, and in some cases employ extra help to keep the smirched names off their registry books. The perplexity of the hotel was also the perplexity of real estate men and already there is the mutter of the press and the sneer of the skeptical that the resident portion is to be invaded and respectable homes to be threatened.

We have but little heart in this agitation and dare take but little hope from this spectacular demonstration of official virtue, simply because, judging from past experience, we fear it is but a spasm instead of a steady, strong, relentless movement. If ever a city has an administrative force, from mayor to the policeman on his beat, that will accept unquestioned the decrees and ordinances, if officers will but take their oaths seriously, commercialized vice, segregated iniquities, geographical degradation will be unknown. Of course the passion of the human heart and the lust of the flesh cannot be plucked out by police regulation, but human speculation in the same, the commercializing of human wickedness, *can* be suppressed

by police force, if it is but persistently and impartially applied.

The real foes that the Prosecuting Attorney has to meet are not these poor, wounded, will-weakened women who have been drawn to these "Red Light Districts" for obscurity or safety, not for publicity and defiance, but the hardened capitalists who own these buildings, the men who traffic in woman's virtue and man's weakness for money, men who themselves are too cold and brutal to be tempted by their victims, and who for the most part live in the "respectable territories," the sanctity of which they are so anxious to guard. These supposed necessary plague spots in a great city are made necessary by the political cupidity and the financial greed of the most accursed of sinners. That which makes vice geographical is the greed of votes and the greed of dollars. When the city can purify itself of political corruption and unscruplous money-getting, a city can be made, morally as physically, the safest place in which to live, and the purest environment in which to raise children.

But until persistency obtains, and until sincerity and determination lie at the bottom of city administrations, there is but little to be gained by these ante-election virtues, this spasm of law enforcement on the part of the police. When the body is full of diseased tissue and impure blood, drastic measures may prove inadequate, but a persistent obedience to the well known laws of health will make boils and carbuncles, gout and similar localized diseases impossible. There is but one code for the sanitation of the body politic and the body personal.

Anent Segregation

In spite of the fact that such notable bodies as the Committee of Fifteen of New York City, the Chicago Vice Commission, and the Minneapolis Vice Commission have reported against the segregation of vice, and, also, that such notable citizens as Dr. Prince Morrow, president of the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, Prof. Edwin Seligman of Columbia University, Clifford G. Roe, prosecuting attorney of the United States District Court, and David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University have taken a stand against it, there is still a persistent idea on the part of many respectable citizens that a segregated district is the only solution for the vice problem of a large city. The "Politicians" are quick to take advantage of this attitude and to place every subtle form of delusion possible before these well-meaning, uninformed, self-satisfied members of society.

A segregated district presumably puts the responsibility of maintaining order upon the police, thus relieving citizens generally of any responsibility, but people informed know that segregation does not segregate, and that the order maintained by the police is the order of immorality and of the by-products of sex indulgence. To deliberately permit houses of ill-fame to exist in any part of our city is contrary to the law, yet well-meaning citizens would apparently prefer a violation of the law to an assumption of any personal responsibility in the matter. An evil such as the "social evil" which permeates society even to innocent members, cannot be dealt with by any one set of officials nor by the combined effort of all the city officials. It is essentially a community matter in which each and every citizen must bear the burden of doing his part to establish social purity and to that end every intelligent person should become informed as to all phases of the "social evil."

Professor Seligman, in a recent address, said: "The only result of an attempt to segregate is to make the segregated section a mass of seething vice, with an intensification of all the evils which exist anywhere else, with the addition that it does not prevent the spreading of the system privately, often with the connivance of the city officials, to other sections."

If the worthy citizens who stand for segregation realized that they thus stand for the perpetuation of the evil, perhaps they would pause and think and get informed. For those desirous of an understanding, reference may be made to "Hygiene and Morality," by Lavinia Dock, to the publications of the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, to "Vigilance," the organ of the American Vigilance Association, and to the reports of the various vice commissions. G. L. POLLARD.

The Beautiful Life

There are many who teach that life is a dualism. They make the material life and the immaterial life two separate existences, and the immaterial the only true one. I believe that human life is a trinity, and these three lives are one. There must be the material life. O how I wish that all our workingmen and workingwomen had good clothes, good food, good fires, good homes.

There must also be the intellectual life. No life can be beautiful that remains in ignorance. For after all, it is not depravity but ignorance which is the root-cause of human misery and sin. Mental growth means moral growth. A brave, true thought makes the soul as sweet as trilliams and arbutus with the May dew upon them.

There must also be the immaterial or religious life. No life can be beautiful in which there are no high aspirations. There must be cultivated the great essential verities of religion—hope, faith, tenderness, humility, prayer. But we must not try to put these divine emotions into words, to articulate them in dogmas. It is a monstrous pretension to say, we have private or any other source of information as to *who* and *what* God is. There can be only one method of knowledge, that of facts and a legitimate inference from them.

But so surely as we neglect the religious life and descend to a lower level of thought and feeling, we will bring upon ourselves sorrow, trouble, discouragement and defeat.

Now in pleading for a beautiful life, I do not mean being perfect—perfect people are never interesting. We think a great deal more of a saint if in hunting around we find some little vice; and generally we do not hunt in vain. But I do plead for a beautiful life, and that means material comfort, intellectual growth and religious devotion.

Jamestown, N. Y. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The Ministry of Silence

An After-Vacation Sermon Delivered by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
September 29, 1912

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ANNIE LAURIE KELLY

Prayer

Father, make us glad that we are here, glad in the dear fellowships of the past, glad in the strong ties that bind us to our tasks, glad of the tasks. We thank Thee, O Thou Burden Giver; that Thou hast lifted us above the stolid selfishness of the ease-seeker.

Father, we came to listen to Thy commissions. Grant us power to accept the same and to go forth in Thy name into the dark places of human lives, into the sad places of human hearts, and in Thy name to speak the word that brings strength, peace, consolation. Father, help us to realize the waiting opportunities about us; gird us anew for the high and holy warfare wherein the weapons are the instruments of love, the counters of kindness. Help us to forget the things that hurt, to rise above the discouragements, to dwell with Thee in the deathless places; to rejoice with Thee in the boundless realms wherein the petty lines of caste and class and sect, of race and prejudice do not obtain, but where Thy children, conscious of Thy Fatherhood, rejoice in the largeness of that love that includes all races, all climes and all ages.

Father, take our hands and touch them with usefulness. Father, take our feet that they may be shod with willingness. Take our hearts that they may glow with kindness. Take our minds and tutor them in the way of truth. Take our voices and tune them to the universal harmonies, that in finite time we may sound some notes of Thy never-ending song. Amen.

Sermon

"And when He opened the seventh seal, there followed a silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour." Revelation, viii, 1.

Up there at Tower Hill, only one hundred and eighty miles from Chicago, high above the rolling Wisconsin River, where a cluster of a score of cottages is gathered, one of which is my vacation home, obtains a silence that impresses the newcomers in a way which we old citizens of Tower Hill can hardly understand. This year one city-bred woman, fleeing from the turmoil and discord of New York City, found her prayer for quiet and seclusion answered so promptly and so profoundly that it scared her, and she immediately fled like a frightened animal from the ominous stillness. She did not dare face the soundless darkness for a single night. So habituated were her nerves to the multitudinous voices of the city, the clatter of wheels, the clanging of bells, the screaming of whistles, the weird street cries, the tinkling of neighbors' pianos, the vociferous shoutings of truckmen, the wail of sick children, the boisterous laughter of the careless, that when all these suddenly ceased, her soul grew dizzy; she was panic-stricken and a hurried call was sent over the telephone wires to the livery, three miles away, to come and carry her back into the noises of the human world, without which she could not live. She fled, scared by the silences of Tower Hill.

This seemed to us strangely abnormal, though others seemingly were affected in the same way. One happy resident for a few weeks commented on the strange noises that she found on her return to her little city home.

When I wrote of this New York City woman, to a preacher friend, he wrote, in reply, of his own daughter's experience at Tower Hill:

"She, too, noted the silence, as if she liked it, but it impressed her. How is it? What do you do, or do not do to make it? How does your silence differ from other country silence? Don't you have birds and wind and laughter and chatter and thunder?'

Yes, we have all of these, but we were three miles away from a railroad whistle, beyond the reach of the street car, the ties were broken that connected us to the daily routine of the work-a-day world; the lines were down between us and the office, the school, newspaper and the church; all these with the subjective consciousness that we were beyond the call of the telephone, I suspect, are what made the silence of Tower Hill inspiring or depressing, as the case might be, to the nerve-wearied citizen, the dweller of the city. At Tower Hill we were simply in the presence of the silences of Nature from which most of the human sounds were eliminated, the jarring voices of the crowd were removed. Thus we were left standing in the presence of the timeless things; at least the things that are not told off by the tick of the watch, that are not measured by hours and minutes. There we did not eat and sleep and wake according to the program of the railroad train, whose over-mastering voice regulates our hurried lives.

May I bring to you from my Tower Hill escape from the noise of the city some study of the soundless things.

Sound is but relative. There are vast ranges of air waves beneath the reach of the human ear, vast ranges of music above the reach of the same reporting instrument. Tyndall, with his acuter sense trained by delicate observation, heard the sharp and shrill music of insects in the upper realms of the Alps, to which his associates were quite deaf. And so there may be a deeper bass than the organ can interpret.

But sound is ever testimony of life. Life may be described scientifically as the age long effort of Nature to express itself. There are vast realms of life on the lower limbs of the biological tree doomed to eternal silence. All the teaming life of water, of ooze and earth, the great, mystic, marvelous and beautiful realm of the amœbe, worm, most insects, reptiles and their kind are voiceless and perchance without ears. When sound first appears on the earth, it is as discordant noises. Nature in its wildest estate can only achieve howls, screams, squalls. The wild ancestors of the dog can only yelp or howl. Scientists tell us that the bark is, may I say, a human acquirement of the dog? It is the result of his contact with the human. The highly civilized dog has a speech that runs through quite an extended gamut of the emotions; by his voice he can indicate the various feelings of fear, anxiety, lonesomeness, vigilance, defiance. But Jack London, in the "Call of the Wild," tells us that the dog, even the humanized dog, after he lapses into the wild, after a few months or years,

loses the articulation of the bark and falls back into the semi-silence of his ancestry.

The lower, the more gaudy and the more militant birds have only a distressing scream, an ear-piercing squawk, while the finer and more developed travelers of the air, have won for themselves the title of "singing birds." It is a long, long way from the strident note of the crow to the gentle cooing of the dove and the pathetic call of the whip-poor-will, as the listening human on Tower Hill has abundant opportunities to note.

The journey of life is a journey out of the silences, through the noises into the melodies, the melodies of the universe.

If then, one must choose between the silence of the forest and the noisy discord of the street, he does well to turn to the street. The ministry of silence is to prepare us for the ministry of sound. The road of the spirit necessarily lies through the silences and the discords into the harmonies of the world.

A world bereft of human sound, a world with no suggestion of human kinship, however glorious it may be, though rimmed with marvelous sunrises and mystic sunsets, suggests a seclusion that is terrible to contemplate. Silence at its maximum is to the spirit what sleep is to the body, a temporary relaxation in order that greater efficiency may be attained, that a finer melody may ensue and higher music follow.

And so we come back out of the woods, if we have properly utilized them, with restored nerves, with cleared brains and strengthened wills to apply ourselves more effectively to the work of humanizing the sounds of this city, making melody out of the jargon of trade, blending the untrained, unconsecrated noises of society into orchestral harmony, joining in the great chorus that befits the cathedral of life, of devout humanity.

This frightened New York woman was not dehumanized, but *super*humanized. She was lifted too suddenly into the realm of a silence too profound to be utilized just then. Freedom from the anxieties that disturb the sleep of the weary is dangerous. Watch the leisure that breeds in the soul a dread of human noises a shrinking from the human cry, we should distrust a desire to escape the higher achievements of evolution that binds the individual to his kind, that stirs the brain with a longing for the beauties of the unrealized and makes the heart ache for a love unachieved, and the will restless in the presence of duties undone.

Now, perhaps we are ready for our text and some lessons that may spring therefrom.

I do not know what this book of Revelations means. I sometimes think nobody knows, and I am never so near that conviction as when I have spent some hours in reading a book that undertakes to "interpret the book of Revellation." Taken on its face value, without trying to burden it with cryptic meanings and mystic symbolisms, it is big and good enough for me, but when I am asked to inject more mystery into the mystery I give it up. I do not know what this writer meant, but I do know that somehow or other he writes in the language of poetry rather than in the cold phrases of theology or the exact statements of history.

However explained we come at last to the visions of the sacred Book, which no man dared open, a book sealed with seven seals. At last there came one with power to break the seals, and when the first seal was broken, a white horse appeared, bearing a crown, symbolizing the power to rule. When the second seal was broken, a red horse appeared, bearing the sword,—the power to conquer and to lead. When the third seal was broken, a black horse appeared bearing the balances, the power to dictate justice, to measure out equity in the world. When the fourth seal was broken, the pale horse appeared, bearing the power of death and destruction, and when the fifth seal was broken, the souls of the departed were revealed, waiting their opportunity, crying for relief. And the sixth seal unrolled the scroll that told of Judgment Day, the final catastrophe of time, the end of things.

When the seventh seal was broken, the heavenly realm was revealed, then there was silence for half an hour in Heaven. A great shout went up and a voice cried, "The Kingdom of the world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and He shall reign forever and forever." It was at the end of this half an hour's silence in Heaven that the great shout of the spirits came that ushered in the celestial world, the millennial age, the things that ought to be. Now fit the story any way you like; phrase it as you please, and you are as nearly right, probably, as any other one; you have as great a right to phrase the meaning of this mystic parable as any other. For one, I am sure that its inner meaning is not reached by consulting any Greek lexicon; it is not to be interpreted in a hard and fast way, the way in which the multiplication table is to be interpreted; whatever it is it is the flight of an impassioned poet. There was silence before the great, the ultimate triumphant shout in this story of the Book of the Apocalypse.

Perhaps we will find some help in studying this if we go to another Bible story which perhaps suggested it, at least it sprang out of the same Semitic fancy and imagination, the story of the fall of Jericho. That also is a story written in sevens. There were seven days' investment; there were seven trumpeters, who bore rams' horns, and each day they made the circuit of the fortified town and the command of the General, Joshua, was, "Ye shall not shout nor let your voice be heard, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouths until the day I bid you shout." At last the seventh day came and the seventh day's march around the fortifications with no sound save that of the trumpeters bearing the sacred Ark; then the word came. "NOW!! ALL TOGETHER!! EVERYBODY ready! SHOUT!!" and the walls fell, and Joshua cried, "The Lord hath given you the city and the city shall be devoted, even it and all that is therein, to the Lord."

Again I say, make the most of this story. Fix it up any way you please, but remember that in this story the silence of the six days preceded the successful shout of the seventh day. There was a meditation that preceded speech, reflection that anticipated action—if I may borrow some phrases out of Martineau's great sermons on the Realms of Silence, two classic sermons in English literature.

Here we have it again, the silence of Tower Hill, the noise and the jangle of Chicago. Which must we choose?

Let us go further into literature. Goethe's Faust probably the most sustained effort to interpret the inner experiences of the human soul that has ever

been projected into literature, and I say this with Job and Hamlet in mind. Goethe shows his hero, Faust, at the outset of his career, sick and weary of the refinements and the revealments of philosophy, tired of the abstractions of the books. He turns to the earth spirit in his weariness and exclaims:

"Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer;
Even now my powers are loftier, clearer,
I glow, as drunk with new-made wine:
New strength and heart to meet the world incite me,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me,
And though the shock of storms may smite me,
No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me!
* * * * * *
With new impulsion
My senses heave in this convulsion!
I feel thee draw my heart, exhaust me:
Thou must! Thou must! And though my life it cost me."

This is the rhapsody of the nature worshiper and the mind weary of books and tired of thinking; disturbed by the complexities of the city, he turns to Nature and finds in the earth this renewal and this inspiration. But Goethe had too profound a knowledge of human nature to leave us with the impression that this Faust, with his relestless spirit, could find adequate inspiration and adequate guidance in the silent places of the earth, from the messages of the out-of-doors, and so he carries his hero through the long vicissitudes of this most marvelous drama through all the tragedies of spirit, through the realm of the human with its temptations and its stumblings, with its tears and its bereavements, with its achievements and its disappointments, until at last at the end of the second part the final message of the great German poet, through his prophetic messenger, is the Chorus Mysticus, sung by the released spirit which chants the final consolation and suggests the final triumph.

"All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event:
The indescribable,
Here it is done:
The ever-Womanly leadeth us
Upward and on!"

This is not the time and place to even touch upon the endless discussion of the philosophers and poets as to what is meant by the "ever-Womanly." Enough to know that it is a human investment. Enough to know that it is the mystery of human love, the farthest reach from the primal sounds of earth which seemed to satisfy the apprentice of the spirit, the freshman in the college of life. Faust climbed the successive rounds of the ladder that reaches to Heaven, and at last reached the "Chorus Mysticus," which I have just read to you.

While with the poets, let us stay with them a little longer, listen to Lear, the other Titan in the realm of poetry, created by another great interpreter of soul. Lear the discarded, the outcast, the abandoned by subjects and by daughters, finds himself in the midst of the terrible noises which nature can produce—and to which I assure you Tower Hill is no stranger—the terrible chorus of the vehement, boisterous, relentless forces of Nature. In the midst of the wind, the rain, lightning and thunder the old disfranchised and dishonored king cries out of the depths of his agony:

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanos, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man!
* * * * * *
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire, spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters!
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children.
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!"

But

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing."

Then the tender Fool, the most gentle and gracious, I sometimes think, of Shakespeare's creations, pleads with the broken old man:

"O nuncle, holy water in a dry house is better than this rain water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool."

We try to smile at the utterings of the Fool in Shakespeare, I sometimes think because Shakespeare has given to him the technical term of the Fool; but Shakespeare's Fools and the court fools whom he characterizes were no foolish creatures. The fool was the sage of the court, unharnessed to convention and unintimidated by wealth or rank. The Fool in the court is simply the man who dares speak his mind fearlessly on all subjects. Because he wears the cap and bells he has escaped the slavery of convention.

I take it that here at the hands of Shakespeare, as at those of Goethe, we have a hint of that higher and nobler thing in the ministry of soul than anything that Nature, untouched with humanity, administers. I come to you out of my three months' escape, the welcome solitude of the hills, to bear testimony to the higher wisdom of the fool than that of the discredited King, Lear. Surely, "holy water in a dry house," as the Fool put it, is "better than rain water out o' door," and ungracious and ungrateful as the unnatural daughters were, they had reached higher planes even to the King than the relentlless forces of Nature that cracked about him and tore into shreds and tatters the venerable old locks of the dishonored king.

Once again before I close let a poet speak, in less commanding measure indeed, but still a poet.

I like to read from this pulpit, as I have many times, what to my mind is germain to the subject under consideration, Lanier's ballad of "The Trees and the Master."

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods he came."

Very well, it was time he was in the woods. But the poet, no more than Nature, leaves the Master in the woods. No triumphant Saviour of the world ever remained in the woods.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.

When death and shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods He came."

Here then we come back to my first introduction. Sound is an element of Nature, animal life had been in the world long eons of unmeasured time before it could utter a sound; and when sound first broke the ominous silence of Nature, it was strident, discordant, it was annoying. Finally, through the travail of body and through the struggle of the soul the noise became harmonious. It broke into speech and speech into melody and music has been reached, but not independent of or in defiance to the cry of the human.

"Ye shall not shout, nor let your voice be heard, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouths until I bid you shout," says Joshua, but when the day came, when tutored and trained by the silence, when that day came, he said, "Shout!" After which he also proclaimed, "The Lord hath given you the city and the city shall be devoted, even it and all that is therein, to the Lord."

I will not waste time nor reflect upon your intelligence by trying to make home applications of all this. If this church is anything it is first a place of silence, a place where, for the nonce, the disturbing voices of selfishness are escaped and the lines of self-interest and self-seeking are down and the spirit receives that ministration that will enable it to go forth again and interpret the noises in terms of music. This church, if it is anything, is ultimately an interpreter of voices, it is a place of music, it is where we are in training so that we may become performers in the great opera of life. It was a chorus that broke the half hour silence in Heaven; it was a chorus that brought down the militant walls of Jericho, and it is a chorus that the sin-stained and timeworn Faust heard in the higher Heaven calling him still upward toward the ever-humanly which is the "ever-womanly" of the celestial life.

Here we are then! The essential thing in our church life is the chorus of it. After all no analysis will explain the mystery of the soul. Therein is the mission of the poet above that of the philosopher, not analysis, but synthesis is the thing that reaches the higher harmonies. Silence is but the retort wherein great energies are to be generated; where the mighty forces are to be combined; and there is this much that I would emphasize in my sermon, if I had language for it, our "activities" must never measure our potencies; power and purpose must ever be higher and nobler than our petty achievements.

All Souls Church must be the power house that will generate the motive and the impulse that will make the Abraham Lincoln Centre a continuous blessing, a force, a benediction in this community.

This building is garnished and cleaned; with its fresh walls and new face, it invites us; the Lincoln Centre corps of workers stand equipped and ready, I think I may say, eager for the fray, and far be it from me to discount or discourage them in their ambitions and their undertakings. I pray that I may be some help to them in the tasks of Lincoln Centre. But Lincoln Centre may bring a storm of discouragement and defeat as terrible as that which visited the dishonored king, unless its work is founded in the sanctities that brood in the silence. All the great achievements of Nature are achieved in silence. The mighty forces of the out-of-doors are undemonstrative; it is not the lightning that brings the thunder that vivifies the vegetation and keeps the air full of vitality, it is the undemonstrative electricity that opens the flower. It is in the dark chambers of Nature that the mystic loom weaves the fabric of our bodies. The mighty economies of the physical are unobserved even to ourselves; we take no note and cannot count the beatings of our own heart if it is normal. We cannot start or stop the delicate mill that grinds our food and turns it into blood and tissue. So all the mighty economies of Nature are rooted in silence.

The experts know that one of the most indisputable signs of the neurotic is the passion to talk and unceasingly to talk. The man or the woman who is forever talking lives next door to the madhouse, and he or she may make the passage most any time. Let us learn to keep the valves closed until there is steam enough in the cylinder to move the piston.

We come here to conserve our forces.

I had a charming surprise an hour after I landed here Friday afternoon, when a dear friend and always a member wherever she may be, burst in on me, on her way to her now distant home. She was still radiant in her joy of the Lincoln Centre. She with you has boasted of what we call our "activities," she has generously helped you to sustain our "instrumentalities," as we call them, our "charities" and our "benefactions." But her last word was, "I wish you might give the rest of your life in interpreting to people the foundations of Religion. There are plenty of people who can do the work, too few people who can interpret the complexities of the life of today in terms of faith and trust."

If I know myself, the sister's word but echoes my own misgivings and my own longings, and with your permission I shall, more than ever before perhaps, withdraw myself from the chores of the great city which in their multiplicity you can often do better without me than with me, that with such power as is given me, enhanced by the experience of many years, I may try to phrase for human usefulness the foundation of the faith that is in me and in you. I believe that Nature, unillumined by human nature, stops short of the great potencies which are the design of the universe, so far as we can understand it. I believe that no amount of "helpfulness," no "pocket charity," no clothing and feeding of the community will heal the sores or remove the weaknesses that still prevent the lifting of our city into beauty and power.

Oh, the jangle of those who would fain save the world by artistic manipulations of things. There is an element of subsoiling necessary; there must be a seed planting, an entrusting of the seed to the dark economies away from and out of the light.

So let us try, dear friends, as we come back to our work, to cherish the church of the Holy Silences, to make our weekly Sabbath Day escape into the "Tower Hill of the soul," to make this such a power house of the spirit that in due time will prepare us for the high occasions when they come. Let us listen when the Master of the Spirit will say, "Shout!" Let us do it together, for without the chorus there is no heavenly triumph; without co-operation there is no conquering shout that will level the fortresses of evil and bring us into possession of the Jericho of the spirit.

Brood as you may and as you can, and as I am sure you will, over the mystic entanglements of the Book of Revelations, make what you please of it,—perhaps you will not make anything out of it or the Jericho story, and you may not be able to follow Faust through all the meanderings of a restless spirit toward light and peace, but you and I can cherish the silences, guard well the doors of our speech, knowing that we are on the level of the dog when we merely make a noise. We are only on the level of the human when we create melody, when our speech is harmonious and when at last our voices blend in the high chorus of All Souls Church.

Out of the silence, O Father, lead us into the harmonies of Thy music. On the highlands of life may we take hold of Thy work. Consecrate us now and forever more! Amen.

Correspondence

Readers of UNITY will recall an appeal made by the undersigned some months ago on behalf of a young minister suffering from tuberculosis. The response to this appeal was both prompt and generous; a sum of $521.60 was raised within a few weeks. We are now glad to report that the young man is on the way to recovery.

By a judicious expenditure of the money at our disposal we have been able to place him for seven months under the care of a competent specialist down in Texas. For some three months he was in a private sanitarium. After this (for economy's sake) he has been living in a bungalow shack under the care of the same physician.

Now the specialist in charge reports that, though the patient's improvement has been continuous and satisfactory up to date, it will require further treatment to insure his permanent recovery. The fund of $521.60 is now exhausted and after careful consideration of ways and means we have decided to make another appeal for funds. We are confident that some who may have failed to see the original appeal will wish to contribute to this cause and that some of those who have already contributed so generously will want to add to their original subscriptions.

We print below a letter from the attending physician to the New York specialist on whose suggestion the original appeal for aid was made. This letter will explain itself and will, we think, justify this further appeal:

"Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, 16 West 95th Street, New York.

Dear Doctor: Shortly before meeting you for a brief moment at the Washington meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, I had mailed you a written report, telling of the very satisfactory progress of your friend and patient, Rev. P. A. M——, who at the "Bungalows" had made most satisfactory progress in the recovery of his health during his stay of some three months, and who was maintaining at the time of that report an apparent arrest of the progress of his tuberculous process. Since returning last week from my vacation I have seen Mr. M—— two or three times, but under circumstances which did not permit a physical examination. Barring a mild attack of cholera morbis and a slight intercurrent fever for a couple of days, he has continued to progress satisfactorily. As I remarked to you in Washington, the only anxiety I feel as to his future welfare is based on the apprehension that he may be forced by financial necessity to get back into the workaday harness of routine work before the very satisfactory arrest of the active februle process in his case shall have had sufficient time to become permanent.

"Therefore it is that without consulting Mr. M——, and therefore without his knowledge or approval, I am writing you this report of his most satisfactory progress up to date in the hope that his friends may see their way clear in extending Mr. M——'s vacation and freedom from the necessity of a premature return on his part to the routine grind of providing for his daily needs, to the end that his most satisfactory improvement may become permanent; so that at some early period in the future, say six months hence, he may don his working clothes again without jeopardizing the permanency of the arrest of his tuberculous process. As his present adviser and friend, I naturally feel a most profound interest in his welfare and in whatever may promote a reasonable assurance of the permanence of his restoration to health, for which a sufficient period of time is one of the essentials.

"Believe me, my dear doctor, most sincerely yours,
BOYD CORMICK."

We desire to thank most heartily those who have assisted us in reclaiming this life for the liberal cause and to express our appreciation of the professional services which these physicians have freely given. Further subscriptions may be sent to either of the following addresses:

(Rev.) John Haynes Holmes,
28 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Professor) F. C. Doan,
Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

THE DEAD AVIATOR.

(For A. H.)

It was a sea uncharted that you sailed,
Oh, Mariner, borne by your winged barque
Beyond far ports, where winds like sirens wailed,
Past the flight of the lark.

It was a field of sunlight and of air,
Oh, Rider, that your magic steed roamed over,—
Where clouds were left like dust along the glare,
And the stars were like clover.

It was a land of nothingness and space,
Where, Conqueror, you entered and unfurled.
An earthly ensign in a pathless place
Beyond the certain world.

It was a stairway that the foot of Man
Had never through the ages long ascended,—
But toward the sun, oh, Child, you laughed and ran,
Until your playtime ended.

It was a tryst you went unto, oh, Lover!—
With Death, your Bride,—who prays you fare no more
From her small house . . . and gives you grass for cover . . .
And bars a silent door.

—*Zoe Adkin.*

The Study Table

Book Notes

*The Home University Library.**—Just now there appears to be an insistent demand in England for series of little books, covering a wide range of subjects, written by well known men writing as specialists. Among the latest of such series is the Home University Library, in which about forty books have already appeared. The editors are well known British writers—Mr. Herbert Fisher and Professors Gilbert Murray, J. Arthur Thomson and William T. Brewster, all of whom but the last have already contributed to the series. History and science appear to be the special fields represented and an attractive list of books has already been put out. The books are neatly bound in cloth and are sold at the price of fifty cents each number. While the series is British in editorship, authorship, attitude and matter, it is issued in America by Henry Holt & Co. The books are on timely themes, are written by well known authors and meet a real demand. At the same time, they are palpably written to order, often by men who have already written themselves out in much better books on the same subject. The uniform standard size of the volumes, 256 pages, gives one the feeling that the authors have an inch-measure at hand. The style of more than one of the volumes betrays haste, inattention and carelessness in preparation. Five volumes of the series, dealing with topics of special interest to purviewers, lie before him and have been given a careful reading, which in some cases has produced a feeling of distinct disappointment. Thus, Sir Harry H. Johnstone's *Opening Up of Africa* will add nothing to the author's literary reputation or to his position as an authority upon African affairs. It lacks the careful work which was shown in his earlier book on the Colonization of Africa; it abounds in careless expressions and is marred by typographical errors, inconsistent spellings and wordslips—all apparently due to the book having been given by dictation to a stenographer and printed without revision or proper proofreading. The book itself is interesting and its matter is important. No one is better qualified than Sir Harry Johnston to prepare the book and the reader's chief regret is that he did not make it a masterpiece—as he might have done. In the same way, for a reader who has been delighted and impressed by Giles' History of Chinese Literature, disappointment lurks in his new *Civilization of China.* The title suggests the scope and content of the work, but the book is only a mediocre achievement and the material is largely drawn from literature rather than from life. It is the History of Chinese Literature over again, but diluted and put into somewhat more popular form to *illustrate* Chinese civilization, rather than a new and fresh study of Chinese civilization as such. It may do for the common reader, ignorant of Chinese matters, but it will kindle no one's enthusiasm nor will it add anything to Prof. Giles' great reputation. For forty years, the English-reading world has been delighted and stimulated by Edward Burnett Tylor's *Anthropology.* It is one of the wonderful books and is still widely read for its matter and for it marvellous suggestiveness. We have all wanted a book up-to-date, which shall do for the subject of Anthropology of today what Tylor's book has done for so long. But Marrett's *Anthropology* is not the book we have been seeking. It is an interesting book with which to while away a couple of hours; it indicates the scope and content of the science of man and it states some of the problems of anthropology and sociology, but it misses the opportunity—given by its title and its connection—to make a permanent impression upon thousands of readers as Tylor's book has done. *The Dawn of History,* by J. L. Myers, more nearly realizes its opportunity. Here matter, point of view and form of presentation are all definite and some care is evident in style and form, completeness and connectedness. It is the study, from the viewpoint of anthropology and culture-history, of the dawn of history in one and another of the nations which have played a part in the world; it is the utilization in actual historical work of the results of archaeological and anthropological investigations. In *Peoples and Problems of India,* by T. W. Holderness, we have perhaps the one book in the five which nearest approaches the ideal. The title limits a definite field, which is laid out in an orderly manner and developed evenly and symmetrically; the style is simple but adequate; the bibliography is respectable—the works being precisely indicated, conveniently arranged and fairly accessible to readers who wish further information. The contrast between this wisely chosen and carefully presented bibliography and Sir Harry Johnston's valueless note on books will strike every serious reader. Pray do not misunderstand. The plan and purpose of this series is well worth while; there is actual necessity for such little manuals and we welcome them. But it is easier to write a great book for the special student than to prepare an elementary manual for the general reader. There are few great scholars who can do such work. If it worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. There is danger that some of these books will not show conscientious and careful work.

FREDERICK STARR.

**The Home University Library.* A series of manuals upon special topics in history and science. In uniform binding. New York: 1911-1912. Henry Holt & Co. 16mo., pp. 256. Price, 50 cents each volume.
The Civilization of China. H. A. Giles. *The Opening Up of Africa.* H. H. Johnston. *Anthropology.* R. R. Marrett. *The Dawn of History.* J. L. Myres. *Peoples and Problems of India.* T. W. Holderness.

THE RUNE OF THE RAIN.

Through the autumn twilight deep
  Drifts a faint elusive strain,
Soft as music heard in sleep—
  'Tis the low rune of the rain.

Poignant with old memories,
  Filled with prescience, fraught with pain,
Keyed to wraithlike harmonies
  Is the low rune of the rain.

Tears of joy and tears of woe,
  How they all flood back again!
There's the heart's whole overflow
  In the low rune of the rain.

—*Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

MISS ECKSTEIN AND HER WORLD PEACE PETITION IN FRANCE.

The remarkable devotion and energy by which Miss Anna B. Eckstein of Boston collected over two million signatures for a petition in behalf of international arbitration to present at the last Hague Conference attracted wide attention at the time. She is now engaged in collecting a vastly larger number of signatures for a similar petition to be presented to the next Hague Conference. After working in many of our large American cities, she went to Europe, and has during the last two years held hundreds of meetings in Germany, England, and other countries, already having accumulated many millions of signatures and, by focussing the minds of so many people upon the peace movement and prompting them to reading and study upon the question, accomplishing noteworthy educational results. Her last campaign has been in France; and one of the latest European newspapers received in this country speaks as follows concerning the remarkable impression which she has everywhere made and her great success.

"The recent lecture tour of Miss Anna B. Eckstein in France took her from Paris into many great and smaller cities throughout the whole of France, including Lyons, Nimes, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rochelle, Limoges and Rheims. Her campaign was arranged mainly by the French Society of 'Peace Through Law,' the president of the society, Professor Ruysson of the University of Bordeaux, co-operating in several of the meetings and speaking eloquently in support of Miss Eckstein's endeavor. Everywhere she had large audiences of many hundreds of people, many men and women of high position and influence among them. At the meeting in Rochelle the American Consul, Mr. Jackson, presided. Many of the meetings were held in public halls in the national or municipal buildings, sometimes in the universities, with the warm co-operation of the authorities; and the press gave everywhere most sympathetic and often extended reports of the meetings, adding their editorial support to the propaganda for the peace movement, and especially Miss Eckstein and her significant work in connection with the world petition to the Third Hague Conference. The petition was circulated by the thousand; and in many places the friends who distributed the petition blanks were literally stormed by the crowds anxious to sign and circulate them. As in Germany, so in France, Miss Eckstein in her lectures emphasized alike the economic and the moral arguments for the supplanting of the system of war by the system of law and peace. She dwelt especially upon the appalling cost of 'armed peace' and its consequences, the burden upon national treasuries, the deficits reported in the budgets of the nations, the startling rise everywhere in the cost of living, and the fact that today even the conqueror in war can conquer only at his own terrible cost. International peace, she urged everywhere, can be ensured only when all the governments will pledge themselves to follow in the mutual life of the nations the same moral law that individuals have long recognized as binding in their relations with each other."

OCTOBER.

The leaves are falling, falling,
And soon I, too, must fall;
'Tis Nature calling, calling,
And I must meet the call—
Must meet the call,

The winds are sighing, sighing,
In sympathy I sigh;
The year is dying, dying,
Alas, I, too, must die—
I, too, must die.

But Spring is coming, coming,
With life and joy 'twill come;
My heart is humming, humming
The song of hope and home—
Of hope and home.

The hope of dwelling, dwelling,
At home where angels dwell;
Forever swelling, swelling,
The anthem "All is Well,"
Yes, all is well.

Watseka, Ill. —*M. H. Peters.*

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A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion

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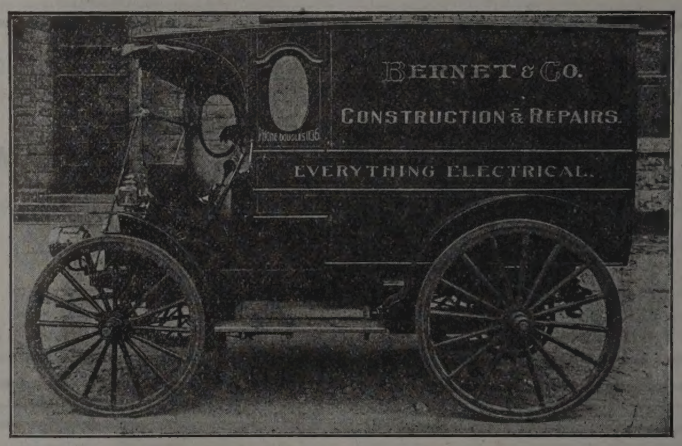

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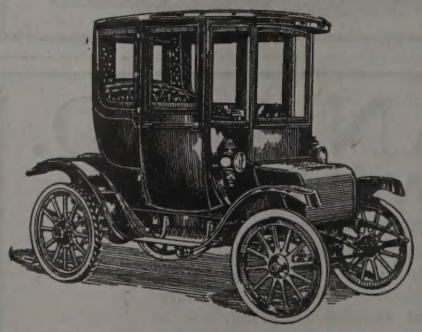

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